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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

THE WIFE'S PRAYER TO DEATH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES JACKSON.

"All of my children, but not my husband!" replied a lady of Charlestown, when asked whether she would rather her husband, or half the number of her children, be laid in the tomb.

Yes, take them all, oh Death! tis sweet, indeed,
To hear their voices hushed around the door;
Finally I love them, and my heart would bleed
To know their forms should blow my breath no more!

Yet a puny breeze will could pierce my heart,
And if, oh Death! thou prefer a new-sown there,
Then take my infant, and with thine I part.
Take, take my children, but my husband spare!

Never were the bows worn from my gladden'd eye
Toward long, mid-ground, on each side each one!
But whether for that moment when the tie
Of nature's wreath was broke to spirit to atone own!
Never, indeed, toward he my babes to lay
In the cold valley, beneath the silent stone,
But, oh, Death! thou should'st hear him away,
My joys on Earth would be former flown!

Tis worst to see their dark eyes leaping light,
And hear the music of each little voice,
And view one precious as the purest bright
That marks the Roman mother's heart rejoice!
Yet, if they will—they will be left to grieve,
And to endure the mysteries asleep,
Till life is a mock on things which have
No feeler's interest deeper sore—and weep!

And when, oh Death! thou hast'st upon thy dart,
Severing the tie that makes Earth doubly dear,
Grant that the memories shall may seek my heart,
I would not feel the dreadful mystery!
Then on his final rest lay thine eyes—
If not on me, on Earth would be former flown!
If think of those sweet babes beyond the skies,
Then on his faithful breast, and die in peace!

Nashville, June, 1849.

A SONG OF THE WRECK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HENRY MORFORD.

The ocean sends me many a shell,
The ocean sings a rolling part;
The sea-bird's wing and wave's white foam
Is stolen, round her broken mast
There is no sound upon the water
The white winged sea-gull from her deck,
Has spread her tired pinions to rest.

Keeps watch above the noble wreck.

Is she not therefore cursed at ship,
Left to the ocean wild career,
Whose love unto prove to ship
Is the sea's love for her and there—
No more to hear the snowy sail
Home from old England's distant shores,
No more to hear the Northern gale
Whistle among her cordage—never more!

Is there no struggle with the storm?
No strained to the mariner's eye
Heaven wins the time is on his form,
And not too down in fight to keep?
Have not her well and tried and true
As in old time when tempests raise,
And her the sea's love for her there?
Shrank not the iron of her frame?

Broken and rent! Ah, gallantly,
And piloted by plank to sweep away,
Bravely she struggled, shielded,
The hard won trophies of decay,
The sea-gull on her broken prow,
Nor wash the memories of the hour
That crowns the Sound Atlantic now.

Pictures of Life.

ADVENTURES IN GREECE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY G. F. SECRETAN DE CASALI, AN ITALIAN EXILE.

"Fair Greece! sad relic of departed worth!
Immortal! though no more; though fallen, great!"

Once more to fair Greece!—The day best over me with a load of fear, and through the dead, I made stagnant with the splendor of the past, the wizard thought of the telegraph came to me, and I trembled for the land of my birth. I shall not mention the pleasant dreams and romantic visions which passed through my mind during the first four days of voyage, suffice it to say, that only a year before, I had left that classic land, and I knew the scene of my wanderings. I had loved a beautiful Greek slave in Asmyrna, in Egypt, and in this last place she was the dawn of a better life in me. Another change!—I was now going back to Greece on a private errand and mysterious one, for Fancesh was about sailing for Greece, and he came on board and begged me to meet him the next evening at the Café de France.

"I heard," said he, "that you were going to see my country, therefore I am glad to meet you on land—as for me, I have lost all hopes of seeing again that mother of departed heroes, and of wonders of living slaves," and here the old man, burning into tears, made the promise to be at the same house at night without.

Being an exile myself, I could not be indifferent to his grief, and I promised to meet him. Besides, I was very excited in my memory my poor old father, who might be at that moment thinking with sorrow on his absence, and I began to feel a host of vague regrets for the separation of humanity, and for the sufferings of my country. I began to feel my former feelings and change and our conversation.

It was a cloud, stormy night, I went to the appointed place, and found my friend waiting for me. He seemed pleased to find that I kept my promise, and having taken two cups of café noir, we retired to the private room. "Let us rest" said he, "may intent to see your picture after."

Telling your a good bye he was silent for a long time, his mind seemed agitated by some strange thoughts, nor did I dare to ask the cause of his emotion. It appeared to me that I had no right to penetrate into the secrets of his heart, sometimes he articulated some words to himself, but in such a low tone that I could not understand a word.

Excuse me, signor, said he, "I was thinking of my country," and he repeated the famous lines sung so—

"Sons of the Greeks, arise!"

"This form so long," I remarked, "was composed by the immortal Rigas, your patriotic poet, who perished in revolution in Greece."

I see," added he, "that you know the modern history of my country. Well, signor, this old man who stands before you, trembling under the weight of seventy years, has been one of the chief leaders of the Greek revolution. Look at this sword," and taking it out of his cloak, he showed me a large oriental sword, "covered with rust, which," said he, "was the blood of the enemies of my country. I have used this sword during eight years of war. Amongst the Turks I has done more execution, than ever did that of Abd el Kader to the French army. During that period I have been engaged in the most bloody battles for the Independence of Greece; I fought for two years in the Island of Scio, and afterwards went to Missolonghi, and served in the French navy at Navarino, against the Turkish fleet. At the end of the Grecian war I believed that the entire Independence of my country would have been recognized and sustained by the allied powers, but those same Kings who allowed our oppressors in destroy the greatest part of our nation, gave up that unfortunate land, in part, to a foreign France, and the other was left to the iron sway of the Sultan. Scio my native place, was again the Mahometan flag floated on its ruined towers, and since that time I retired into voluntary exile, and I have never been afraid of my only brother since I left Missolonghi. Some of my countrymen may that he is yet living in the Island of Scio, but I have not received a letter from him."

"Had you no family?"

"Yes, but their bones lie scattered under the ruins of Missolonghi, more happy than I am! Any sleep in peace, at the land of their fathers." As for me, I shall die in a foreign land, wrote, and as I am well those in the stranger the grave of Kitsas Hesperos."

"What!—one you," I asked in surprise, "that famous Hesperos, who set on fire the Turkish fleet, in 1821?"

"The same," said he, "and my brother was Georgio Hesperos, whom our enemies called the invincible Lion at the small Suli. Both of us were born within it a handful of earth. It was precious relic! It is the earth of the hero, which I took the day I gave my last farewell to Scio. I have carried it with me for many years, and it will be in my grave, dust of my dust."

From my childhood I had been familiar with the name and exploits of Constantine Hesperos, and seeing Hester and Virgil I had learned how great and heroic was the first inhabitants of this land, and their last struggles in the present time for their Independence—their virtues and persecutions had excited in my mind a desire to their children, who like the Bulmas, had been ruled for many centuries by the most barbarous and oppressive conquerors. The Greeks, like the Romans, may have degenerated from their ancestors, but when we contemplate the cause of their degeneration, we find in order to balance but the renewed leads, who use politics and religion to degrade humanity and to perpetuate the usage of God in man. The Greeks like the Italians were only allowed to write about religion. Before my eyes I saw my country, and her agony, a new science or a new political method was unknown to the Greeks and Italians of their time—No matter to hear the names old

Homer then old Sophocles and Plato's ancient stories,
No matter to honor the Northern gale
While remembrance of their orders flame!

Is there no struggle with the storm?
No strained to the mariner's eye
Heaven wins the time is on his form,
And not too down in fight to keep?
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Our Portrait Gallery.

SIR ROBERT PEEL.

No father, I left him at Tenedos, or France and I have a letter for you with one thousand

The Popes read and re-read that writing, he said that he would employ the money as prescribed by the friend of the city, but suppose I learned from the religious man, that Georgio Hesperos was yet living, and that he was ready to return to his home from Suli. At night my sister coming down, and the daughter at the sun had already appeared obedient to the horizon, I was much lying in a bed, and I knew at my friend, for being informed that I was in the house, he offered me a bed, and I accepted the kind hospitality. The old servant invited us both to supper, and I was glad to see that the good Pope was not a bigot, for he ate meat during the days of abstinence. At nine o'clock in the morning we arrived at Tenedos, and I went to the house of the Archbishop for the French Consul. This lodged him with the most affectionate welcome, and after the repast of the dispatches, I inquired of some one at the Custom-house where was the Church of Saint Spiridion. In the meantime I had sent my letter of credit directly to the temple. That massive edifice resembled a fortress, and I believe that the money which children begged us for to the house, they gave us their gold and silver, and it came out that I was a Greece." Here the old man could not continue his sad story, covering himself with his hands he groaned and wept. After some time he resumed his narrative in a less impressive manner the Allied Powers had left Greece to herself, and I was a witness of the intestine bitterness of the Turkish Government. Taking my tools he pressed them to my heart, and I left the house.

"Excuse me," said he, "I may but my tears flow when I recall that time, for I was a witness of the proud law of nature that we should mourn over the misfortunes of our country." The slow coming on of the night, and the solemn silence of the place (Turks will understand rules and bounds with her rest-ness, and I was left again in darkness and I had entered the large mill, but all all secluded walks, who had taken upon himself the duty of the Greek religion, and I was left again in darkness an extract the temples and the city presented a sad picture. Everywhere was desolation, and among the many victims—but our mention, we have to do with Georgio Hesperos.

"How were you spared, Hesperos, in such a disastrous moment?"

Certain that the old wounded soldier would for the stones, that our wishes might not become known to the Turkish authorities, and the house of the Archbishop, about eighteen hundred of us were decided to leave by that city under the command of Nicolo Stamati and of Petro Theodoro, and to engage through the besieger's army of victorious Kyrus Sa, for Spezzia, and Hydra, as we must to Athens to take part to another battle."

I would have remained all night to hear the interesting narrative of my friend, but I was afraid that the poor old man was too much exhausted, it was already midnight, and I was obliged to go, as the next morning we were to sail. My friend seemed undecided about trusting me with his secret, but I assured him that I was not a spy, but a faithful friend, and I was not a spy, but a friend, and he said that he would see me before I left. Let that friend see that

Interesting Article.

THE MYSTERY OF FRANCE.

FROM CHAMBER'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

French is a mystery to everybody: no one can tell what to make of its old ways, or what it will try and be at next. Its genius are a puzzle to the world—a terror to their neighbors. All Europe wishes to see what they are about. There have been in France some half-dozen times, and have just returned from it either a more than usually wise or a more than usually foolish man, with nothing else to do. I mingled with native society of different grades. On this, as on former occasions, I experienced only a little perplexity. You see a fine country, rich in natural resources, luxurious towns and cities, art realizing its highest aspirations; boundless ingenuity and taste; and, generally speaking, an active, obliging, and industrious people. It is impossible to resist the impression that the French are given to idleness. Among the classes enjoying a competence there is an express of leisurely recreation—but the labor is done by all. The rural population are overwhelmingly toiling in their fields, and reaching the most of their small possessions; and in the consequence is, that the lands are for the most part kept as clear of weeds and as tidy as a garden. And so also in the towns: you see a large amount and humble application, particularly among the women, to the various forms of petty commerce and shopkeeping. Go to Paris! Open-air lay loiterings in the Boulevards are followed were several shops, in which, from eight to nine in the morning till the of night, a number of men and girls plastered daily without intermission—as fishers at the dinner pour continue! Every Sunday morning of course the shutters are taken down, the windows wiped and decorated as usual, and business went on as usual, as if such a thing as the Day of Rest had never been heard of. This in France never—at least till: economically a fete, when souls in heaven age are but little lower; but in respect of the labor thought—probably no thought, if it were time for the.

An Englishman of ordinary ideas sees that the French have just two things—religion and loyalty in the sense of God's presence in the world, and the sentiment of veneration for human authority. It may be, doubtless in a passing phase of a great people, to be succeeded in time by a better. But the English must admit that the alleged exercise of in the national feelings does not wholly account for the mystery, for the French, while wanting what Britons think so essential, exhibit some social and moral features in which we do not approach them. Accustomed to the spectacle of beggary and vagabondism, and to the sight of the lame, the blind, the deformed, the idiotic, the maimed, the diseased, and the ragged, we are astonished at the absence of such objects in the streets of our large French towns, nowhere are men disorderly female, unwashed and unkempt, such as may be noticed at all hours of the day in Glasgow. Annually, in sober and constitutional Edinburgh, some hundreds of beings are carried to the police-office drunk on a harvest-such sights attracting no special observation, as if a keen sense of decency were wanting among us. Can any one say the same thing of a French city? On the 4th of May, I watched the streets of Paris from morning till night. Along the chief thoroughfares, towards the scenes of festivity, crowds of people from the eastern and western quarters of the capital flood; and finally, at a late hour, all returned peacefully homewards: it was a grand sight, that stream of well-dressed people; it was civilization of a high order. For all that day there was not heard a loud word, not even was there seen any jostling or act of rudeness. "The French," said I, "know how to behave; they can be happy without being disorderly." I write this in Edinburgh on the Queen's Birthday: it is a day of general rejoicing—that is to say, the bells are ringing, and there is a good deal of hard drinking. Some lads for the last two hours have been amusing themselves next street kicking about an old tin kettle, and at this moment, counted from a public-house, two tipsy men are fighting under my window. Is this civilization, or what?

It is tolerably clear that the people who can endure favorably comparisons of this kind, if not in all respects estimable, are deserving of a greater share of admiration than is usually accorded them. Turns out! crimes abound in Paris, and are perhaps of the darkest stamp: but the people are, in the main, orderly, decorous, and well-disposed. The very dregs of the community, when in open connection, do not stink—in terms for a political cause, they would seem to be thieves. Let this fact be compared with the conduct of the host of conspirators who are a bane to the plainest the state of Glasgow. Nor do we find, even among the better classes of French society, anything like that fastidious cowardice which has lately come out in strong in the English character. These Mussurpin fictions—the invention of a fisherman—may well balance our South Sea bubble; but the encouragement of the Parisian sparkling-house have been extensive in awarding by English railway speculators. On these various accounts the French cannot, without prejudice, be spoken of contemptuously. With all their faults, they are a great people. It is because they are great, and can make themselves respected, that we feel so much interested in getting at the bottom of that mysterious resentfulness which affects their public career. In a people who can be so sanctimony industrious, and do such marvellous things in art, science, and literature, we might naturally expect the ability to be entrusting a government on a solid basis: but from all experience, it is evident that this is precisely the one thing they cannot do.

A defect or contradiction in the character of a nation might very properly engage a degree of philosophical inquiry beyond the scope of these limited pages. In a place merely at the subject, however, it could probably be shown that the recent and prospective misfortunes of the country are due to causes which lie on the very surface of history. It is fashionable to trace national disappearance to the effects of race. Essentially Celtic, the gaiety impulsiveness of the French character is ascribed to something in the physical constitution. It might be supposed to meet this species of allegation with a point-blank denial, though it is very evident that the pure descendants of French families in England are by no way distinguishable in regard to solidity of understanding from the oldest inhabitants of the country. Without venturing further into the delicate matter, I am inclined to impute the whole very nearly to what—if the French incapacity for government in the plainly obvious reason, that they have never been taught. The education makes the man—not meaning by that merely school learning, but the rearing up of babies, through the daily influence of example, from generation to generation. When the Englishman sets down confidently as he female, and congratulates himself on the steady working of the constitution which shelter his life, his liberties, and his property, he is, I fear, not sufficiently cognizant of the fact how all this was brought about. On comparing the course of events in English and French history, the source of our security and French insecurity is revealed. From the most remote times, self-government of some sort has been habitual to the Anglo Saxon race. From the breasts of Germany, they brought with them the practice of wardmotes and juries. This was but the A B C of their training. Subsequently, they owe their unrivalled constitutional forms to their Anglo-Municipal privileges—that is, powers of local self-government by neighbors—were communicated by the sovereign to bodies of traders in towns, as a trade-weight against the encroachments of the Barons: and it was this alliance of the people with their fellow-men in the free nature alike in England and Scottish history. In France, on the contrary, the Kings and the Barons united to oppress the people, and from them in a state of intrigue; even the Church, usually favorable to popular claims, was in France, in the person of the Huguenots, was too late, as arrogant, overbearing corporation. It is trite to remind the reader, that when the Revocation of 1685 broke out in France, all power whatsoever was in the hands of the crown, the nobility, and the clergy. The privileged orders, as they were called, ruled everything, but contributed nothing. The people, viewed as objects of taxation, some fourteen means to carry on the extravagance of government. The slightest concession of the nobility and clergy to pay a trifle towards the Counterbalancing of the finances, would have averted the Revolution. We all know what the protracted struggle would have afterwards given to recall their fatal opposition. Have they not been punished?

Everybody likewise knows how the French people, excluded from all participation in state management, have gone on blunderingly till the present moment. Had Sully, Colbert, and Turgot had an enlightened despot, he possessed the means, as he had the opportunity, of conferring charters of self-government on communities sufficiently enlightened to have merited the privilege. So far, however, from doing so, he exemplified and perfected the principles of centralized government—put the whole nation under the most minute and control of the Executive in Paris. No doubt it was an important object with the early revolutionary authorities, to undo the hitherto despotic pernicious and lessen in the new and modern its puttanesti system: and yet in the midst of this unavoidably anxiety arrangement, they only perpetuated the elements of social disorder. The people still remained pretty much in their natural state of ravings; were not taught to regard exclusively as themselves for local government; did not or must we learn how to trust, consult, get petition for a redress of general grievances. The accession of Napoleon continued the same deadening policy. Unlucky, with all his philosophy, did nothing to temper or elevate the spirit of a fanatic-crazy against which he is now pleased to declaim. He found the French people children in the art of constitutional government, and left them so.

The pernicious principle which enables a nation to act in Paris—no matter how patriotic—to command whole nation by telegraph, is aggravated by the plan's causes, which has grown into a habit, under the process of property distribution. Abstractly, the law of equal inheritance may be just, but in France it has undeniably the effect of dispersing the vast body of peasant proprietors in a state of interest in dynastic convulsions. What care they then? "nothing round the throne?" Can throw in there is an end as another: their fields yield their produce as abundantly under a Republic as a Monarchy. Only when the screw of taxation receives an additional twist, do they begin to feel their Kings! Louis Philippe would have been predictable to President Stock. Whether selling or buying, he was no otherwise, or otherwise, than the French are the best civilized of any people in the world. Their manners abroad into the world with a view to bettering their circumstances—Kept at home by their ignorance of foreign languages, their love of economy, or the unsympathetic indifference to commercial gains beyond a limited point, they are further restrained from being deported to the bosom of the peace plan. The Legion of Honor is an excellent an inadequate to the beneficiary of ribbon with which it draws its supplies. Even youth owns the potency of decoration. A remarkable distribution of cockade and crosses is discovered to inspire flagging schoolboys with a love of France, glory, and the throne! And to be behind in sentiment, criminals yield a becoming obedience, provided they are merited by the influence struck at a number—France, however, is the solid material on which Louis Napoleon makes his experiment. The free exercise of the country are literally eaten up by a host of functionaries decked out in every variety of uniform. The whole civil functionaries of Great Britain dependent on the state are under seventeen thousand in number: in France the number is upwards of half a million, and so many more are hoping for places—a circumstance for the dispensation of petty offices, a thus a powerful engine of authority. The French government maintains a vast variety of trading monopolies, not for purposes of revenue, but compensation and bribery. Even the Chamber of Deputies—the nearest approach to a representative Assembly by a statement, that he had on his hands so many as twenty thousand applications for the privileges of retailing tobacco; each applicant pledging forth some special claim to the favor of the government! Of pieces among certain political and a redundant body of functionaries, of course go for nothing in the estimation of the people at the revolutions.

To see Englishmen who grow any consideration to the aspect of French society, nothing appears more inconsistent than the letter and the practice of the non-interference organization. "Let us have, Equality, Fraternity," [illegible] a sentiment of foreign nations, with the public feeling of Britain, lady who we think is destined to take a high place among the female authors of America—Mrs. Emily D. E. Southworth, author of a tale entitled "Retribution," now in process of publication by the Harpers.

Persons from what we have already received of "The Deserted Wife," we shall be surprised if it does not mean a sensation equal, to say the least, to that produced by any original story ever published in an American paper.

As the demand for this story, before it has run many weeks, will probably be very great, we would recommend to those who wish to read it, to send in their subscriptions as soon as possible—as there are but few a single instance yet, on which we can supply all new subscribers. But we would advise those who wish it, to apply as early as possible, for our rule always is, "first come, first served."

We embrace this opportunity to return thanks to our numerous friends in all sections of the country, for the favors they have done us in procuring subscribing, if we have not already attained, that position, when we can claim that the Post has, without a doubt, a circulation of [illegible] thousand.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Europa, we have the usual weekly intelligence from Europe. Cotton has experienced a decline of about 1-8 to 1-4 cent, and for Breadstuffs has been dull, and the quotations of the week previous are barely sustained.

The great proceeding of the French in Rome, was the attack on the fortress of Civita Vecchia, wherever they were found. The second was in the bombardment of Rome, in which the Romans had to be pulled down by the French soldiers who had been sent to the assistance of the Pope to remove them. The Romans bear themselves with a scornful superiority, as the conquerors regard the conquered, and they have been in their intellectual to their unhappy condition.

I shall hereafter return with greater forebearance of the future; nor did I feel any person in my journey who did not feel that the present state of affairs in the west state of affairs could last. Unfortunately, no one can exactly define what form of government will be more permanent and satisfactory. There is a chaos of principle—antagonisms impossible to be reconciled. The principles of the revolution of the last forty years have established thoroughly at various points of the country, so that no one of them will not seem to be in the nature of things in abeyance. The deliberative power given in the army would ultimately prove a state in power of the [illegible] point in the Constitution is probably less fatal than the existence of a National Assembly, which could claim entitled to assist the constituent authorities in Paris, the Ministerial candidates were all returned. The three reds failed to secure a single seat, and a deep blow upon the Socialists. Had they remained quiet, the result would probably have been the same; but they have given the Government that excuse which was desired, for the step which was taken at large—as it is, the people have voted in a way to show their indignation at the conduct of the Red party.

What course France will take in relation to the occupation of Rome, is not yet apparent.

As to Hungary there is the most uncertainty—there is an account of a victory of the Austrians over the Hungarians, but it is not confirmed. Gen. Haynau has held their own in that quarter.

The Russians are in Transylvania, but the position of Hungary is now of extreme result. The point of her resistance, now opened to view, is to attack and of Austria—and the Austrian army in the west, and Austrian army in the east, and always with advantage. The Russians, on the south, are endeavoring to penetrate into Hungary, and combine together in the central provinces. To this end, the Austrians and Russians in possession of Hungarians have opposed a division of their army which a large force of Galicians and Croats from the north part, prepared to occupy the quarter last possessed by the Austrians. The Russians had flung forth another of his impassioned appeals to his countrymen, requiring the priests to take up arms, and to march, at the head of their flocks, to the war. The Russians, on the other hand, are to be ordered to be punished. The inhabitants of towns and villages are, on the approach of the enemy, to leave their homes and hasten, but not even one word, or gesture, to take refuge in the fortresses of the country, or in the suburbs of the enemies. There is a further instructed to set fire to the places in which the enemies are quartered, and a similar order by contrary attacks. M. Kossuth finally states that the Hungarian army numbers 200,000 men—a force equal, it is to be presumed, to the present effect, and the number of persons joining this army is daily increasing. He states in order at an end of the most incredible number. Notwithstanding the enormous amount of [illegible] it is believed that there will be able to triumph over a people thus determined.

It is not a burning shame that England and France should sit idly and look with unmoved upon the atrocities of the Austrians, and the Russians in the North, to crumble Hungary, like another Poland, out of existence? And yet what right have they to interfere? And yet what right [illegible] America, which has only the cabinet of Washington, which has set even one word, or one unfortunate word, to give to loose men fighting for the cause of liberty, and for the sacred right of self-government, which she once fought for. The following Portrait of the Hungarian National Hero, is from the pen of Mr. Kossuth himself, in a few words the justice of the Hungarian cause and of himself, and will be read with other foreign governments, for their cold contrast:

When the Hungarian Nation was attacked at the point of the sword by enemies in open war, they had help of a just God, it and then the constitution of the country, and the laws of the land, and the glorious traditions as well as through the monarchical constitution, and the laws of the land, and the Constitution and the laws of the land. And nobody has ever heard of the Austrian armies [illegible] Hungarian Constitution, and the laws of the land. [illegible] in accordance with unalterable national [illegible] and the Hungarian Constitution, and deposed from the throne the house of Hapsburg and Lorraine, which had been the party of the lawful crimes and perjuries. Never did a nation more justly rise against her foes, and never more justly punished.

Never had a people better right to expect that the Government, unanimously appointed, could themselves both in peace and quietness employ the whole power of the country in healing the wounds which its unjust tyrant had inflicted. But instead of this, without any declaration of war, the Russian armies invaded the neighboring territories of Gallicia and Cracow, called in by the godless House of Hapsburg, and threaten to fall upon Hungary. All our intervention and all the signs of our fatherly tyrannical home, their deposition by consent of its crimes, is striving, by means of an alliance with Russia, to arrest more its forgiving justice upon the grave of the unholy conspirators of Hungary.

The Hungarian nation is determined to resist this attempt. It is resolved to resist the Russian invasion, and to defend its independence to the last extremity. It is convinced that the most favorable conditions it confidently believes and hopes that the sympathies of the civilized world, with the feeling of irrevocable indignation it will not allow the cause of liberty to be betrayed in the world, and protests solemnly against the unjust violence which is about to be committed by the sake of a perjured despot, is ready to treaty to the Russian Emperor, and to the Austrian Emperor in agreement with all treaties, declarations and conventions which have been concluded between under the common protection of the some of justice, and which are binding upon the Russian Emperor. It protests in the name of Providence, which has given to every nation the right to dispose of its own destinies, and which has given to the Hungarian nation the right to defend its own liberty, which she is ready to [illegible] war, will cry to a just God for succor. The Hungarian nation is confident that every people which is attacked by force of arms, and every just and freedom will answer this its protestation with warm sympathy. It is confident that the civilized world, the whole world, we declare before God and all men our right to defend our liberty, our just and freedom will not to be behind in sentiment, criminals yield a becoming obedience, provided they are merited by the influence struck at a number—France, however, is the solid material on which Louis Napoleon makes his experiment. The free exercise of the country are literally eaten up by a host of functionaries decked out in every variety of uniform. The whole civil functionaries of Great Britain dependent on the state are under seventeen thousand in number: in France the number is upwards of half a million, and so many more are hoping for places—a circumstance for the dispensation of petty offices, a thus a powerful engine of authority. The French government maintains a vast variety of trading monopolies, not for purposes of revenue, but compensation and bribery. Even the Chamber of Deputies—the nearest approach to a representative Assembly by a statement, that he had on his hands so many as twenty thousand applications for the privileges of retailing tobacco; each applicant pledging forth some special claim to the favor of the government! Of pieces among certain political and a redundant body of functionaries, of course go for nothing in the estimation of the people at the revolutions.

To see Englishmen who grow any consideration to the aspect of French society, nothing appears more inconsistent than the letter and the practice of the non-interference organization. "Let us have, Equality, Fraternity," [illegible] a sentiment of foreign nations, with the public feeling of Britain, lady who we think is destined to take a high place among the female authors of America—Mrs. Emily D. E. Southworth, author of a tale entitled "Retribution," now in process of publication by the Harpers.

Persons from what we have already received of "The Deserted Wife," we shall be surprised if it does not mean a sensation equal, to say the least, to that produced by any original story ever published in an American paper.

As the demand for this story, before it has run many weeks, will probably be very great, we would recommend to those who wish to read it, to send in their subscriptions as soon as possible—as there are but few a single instance yet, on which we can supply all new subscribers. But we would advise those who wish it, to apply as early as possible, for our rule always is, "first come, first served."

We embrace this opportunity to return thanks to our numerous friends in all sections of the country, for the favors they have done us in procuring subscribing, if we have not already attained, that position, when we can claim that the Post has, without a doubt, a circulation of [illegible] thousand.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Europa, we have the usual weekly intelligence from Europe. Cotton has experienced a decline of about 1-8 to 1-4 cent, and for Breadstuffs has been dull, and the quotations of the week previous are barely sustained.

The great proceeding of the French in Rome, was the attack on the fortress of Civita Vecchia, wherever they were found. The second was in the bombardment of Rome, in which the Romans had to be pulled down by the French soldiers who had been sent to the assistance of the Pope to remove them. The Romans bear themselves with a scornful superiority, as the conquerors regard the conquered, and they have been in their intellectual to their unhappy condition.

I shall hereafter return with greater forebearance of the future; nor did I feel any person in my journey who did not feel that the present state of affairs in the west state of affairs could last. Unfortunately, no one can exactly define what form of government will be more permanent and satisfactory. There is a chaos of principle—antagonisms impossible to be reconciled. The principles of the revolution of the last forty years have established thoroughly at various points of the country, so that no one of them will not seem to be in the nature of things in abeyance. The deliberative power given in the army would ultimately prove a state in power of the [illegible] point in the Constitution is probably less fatal than the existence of a National Assembly, which could claim entitled to assist the constituent authorities in Paris, the Ministerial candidates were all returned. The three reds failed to secure a single seat, and a deep blow upon the Socialists. Had they remained quiet, the result would probably have been the same; but they have given the Government that excuse which was desired, for the step which was taken at large—as it is, the people have voted in a way to show their indignation at the conduct of the Red party.

What course France will take in relation to the occupation of Rome, is not yet apparent.

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United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1848.

MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH

We copy the following interesting report made to the Stockholders of the Atlantic and Ohio Telegraph Company, in the first place because of its interest, and in the second to put forward an account of the small beginnings of a system, which is probably destined to supersede in a great degree the Post-Office Department, at least, as far as business letters are concerned:

Gentlemen of the Board of Directors and Ohio Telegraph Company.

DEAR SIR—The interest between a new organization, and the adventurous spirit

Selected Poetry.

THE TOWN CHILD AND THE COUNTRY CHILD.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

Child of the Country! free as air
Is thine, and as the sunshine fair;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies coldest when the day is new;
Fed, 'mid the May flowers, like the bee,
Nurs'd to sweet music on the knee,
Lull'd by the woodland rill, that glad
Which sends noble 'mong the woods of June!
A song of country wrought is ought to be!
Of such a lair and gladsome thing.

Child of the Town! for thee I sigh;
A gilded court's thy golden sky;
A city is thy desired nod—
A mirror-mansion thy homeless rood—
Thy cooing dove is the scattering treaty
Of wordsmen—thy last night's banquet
Through smoke, and not through scattered vines,
And bleeding crowds, not southern shines;
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Man is wrench wrought is ought to fear!
Child of the Country! thy small feet
Tread on straw whereon red and sweet
With dew! wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee.
The bud ere which the dawn is rosy,
In April, while she tinted her young,
Or her kennels the rose there, where
The head her twins the timorous hare;
The first wreathing of the wild to be left
Where brown bees bend their balmy cells,
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trout may where the sky is cool;
The stiffly's nest, that seems to be
A specimen of the creative power,
And other marvels which my verse
Can find for imagining to rehearse.

Child of the Town! for thee, alas!
Glad Nature spreads not her green grass;
Eigh build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run
A Metropolis in thy Summer is!
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
The pestilence dwells, hostile thy lure;
Thy fruit is purchased, and by the pound
Hewgal consumers all the city round,
No room, indulgence on the free
Fortune shoe in thy evening walk;
No water of life—no lime rotten
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And anything even such as are rife,
When wine and wanton wallow strife.

Child of the Country! on the lawn
I see thine like the breeding fawn,
Hints as the bird which runs in wing
The first tune on the wards of Spring;
Begin as the sun, when from the sleed
He comes, no cocks are crowing loud,
Now running, shouting, 'mid meadows,
Now groping hunt in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now burning Echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree,
For climbing's sake—'Tis even to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with them thy wantonness thrown.

Child of the Town and hunting street,
What woes and sorrow await thy feet!
The paths to be spared for feet and wheels,
Toy graves, and hills are peaks and tides;
Toy fragment is torn 'mid thronged
Which shrouds then like a mourning cloak;
And then scarcely a child, lofty, lighted as
At once from sun and dew and wind,
Or set by nursing-dog for sport,
Thy neglected walks of slippery stone;
Thy pleasure-ground hitting nursery with
With genteel weeds and maddening wheels
While fire-feed with wine and strong at play,
You rude feed their rude sport,
Thy woman's too strong for thy small back;
There enough! tear and curse what is left.

Fly from the Town, sweet child! for health
Is inexpressive, and strength, and wealth
There as a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every bank on which you tread,
Are written words which, rightly read,
Of God and you from earth's baptismal sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

Selected Sketch.

HINTS TO HANDSOME MEN.

BY A "PRETTY WOMAN."

Inside women, men cannot be judged by rules—they are poor, illogically constructed creatures. Outside—they are plain, one does not know why they are so—if they are tolerable in appearance, that is a peculiar pitiful-attractive paper, and the touch the power of pen and ink, they are, as in most other circumstances, an unmanageable, perverse and provoking set.

I have requested the friend, who obligingly suggested that the reason the ladies of this age were not beauties, was because they were all blues, to help me out a little with my hints from Kentucky fellow men—but he can say nothing; nothing new or interesting can be stated of that inferior portion of the creation, which disposes itself gregariously in clubs, and mildly ever at the foot of its own table.

We cannot dismiss this subject without the general rule that plain men are always clever, and handsome men always stupid; two or three great living instances disprove such an assertion. Nor may we conclude that mind is constitutionally opposed to matter, and that little men have always great minds, and vice versa, we have the same tall statue ever to point to, in proof of the reverse of this.

Certainly Napoleon was little, Wellington is by no means tall—Webster was short and slight—so was the master soldier, Count Regia—Fenelon of Cau was so small, that he always carried leaden weights in his pockets to prevent himself from being blown away by the wind. The Legitian Alexander was not above the middle size in height, and seemed to be, in fact, nearly all soul—Socrates was snub—Pope was crooked, and deformed—so was the celebrated Richard III., whose face was so hideous, that within a little withered skull.

On the other hand, Achilles, Hector, Aichiades, were tall—tall was the Norman conqueror of England—all the kingly Harolds—tall was Charles Martel, whose last letter, of whom we know but little, was surnamed, "the small"—tall were those great Caesars who swayed Rome, as many years—tall was the Admirable Crichton—Horace Walpole was long and thin—while Mirabeau commercial author, fellow-man in stature, as he is in intellect, in supreme and magnificent mental stature!

You will perceive, dear reader, by the numerous examples, that the male sex cannot be measured by any known rules ever noticed, while studying a history that when a little here appears on the scene, a wit, a general, a poet, a statesman, endowed with him in bodily gifts, and frequent to eclipse him in fortune and a comfort, as often do we find the great men of the time overmatched for his equal in stature, as was Oliver Cromwell—for beauty, as was Napoleon.

As for contrast, the remarks that I made upon that of the ladies, with regard to its progression in appearance, as one assumes in that of their partners, the time of the latter seems to be as hideous and as unmeaning an art as ever was, since the days of the Venerable Bede, who is represented in a species of long rigid gown, fastened tightly at the throat, and determined to keep a straight line before his feet.

Alexander and Achilles look very well in portraits, with their nodding plumes, their shields, their helmets, their muscles, their pomp and circumstance of martial dress; but they and their companions must in reality have been anything but agreeable companions, for many years, and many have since, very little benefit from rancor, envy, jester-laudatorship, given, successor oil, comfort on location.

Worse still must have been the early part of the last age, when curates and others were especially considered as of the days of Troy; but, without the pleasant glow of antique, and the charming glamour, without the graceful flow of the "leopard's painted pelt," such as dignified the arm accustomed to the beauty of Penelope, and the poetry of effect gone—only the coarseness and rude-ness remained.

Because, these two periods, however, came ages of Grecian and Roman luxury, of Babylonian pomp of Jewish wealth, when each man was "richly raiment" when Tyrian purple robed their limbs, when the gold of Rome was scattered in the streets, and golden dust powdered the love-locks of her Asian Emperors, when the luxuries of war, lechery, luxury, vicious excess and vicious were wrought of the finest workmanship—mexican-ism—and when to be rich was to be great, and to be the robes of a voluptuous peace—upon the living legs, the sweeping mantle, upon the gem-studded chains of Roman baronet, the costly bronzage of their stools, upon the rich appliances of their sumptuous feasts.

Coming from that rule means time, the dress at men gradually advanced in elegance until the days of Charles II., may be said to be the first that arrived at its height of splendor, having somewhat changed in many changes and modifications, of which that existing during the reign of Elizabeth was, perhaps, the most magnificent. It was then the most costly; the haste of the queen to show influenced that of her courtiers; they vied in each effort in the richness of the materials they wore—the velvets, the silks, the satins—in the profusion of their jewels, in the extravagance of their personal adorning, and in the pockets abundance of their general expenditure.

No one expended in those pockets the gallon Sir Walter Raleigh—the diamonds on whose cloak alone were valued at £8,000—the button of whose hat was a jewel without price, but the hideous ruff then in vogue—the peculiar mode of cutting the hair—and the puddings which it was the fashion to introduce in the Shakespeare Court, must, one would have rendered even an expert a costume unbecoming to any save very handsome men, who would wear and carry off anything in the shape of dress.

But how graceful—how faultless in effect, the dress of the sumptuous Charles!—doublet—hose—only with the richest lace, and with a few splendid jewels; hose bagged at the knee, and with a few splendid knots; a hat worn slightly, a mere calmly noble style cannot be imagined—superior in such respects to the present, costume, and the habit of the wearer, as defiants me.

As for the men of the present day, they have little advantage in dress; nothing can be much more frightful than the prevailing modes—from the round hat down to the boots—from the cane to the cuff.

Those coats are hideous things; those coats are worse; worse are paletots—Nicolas—Taglionis—Syrian gay—Plato—D'Orsays; an abominable thing is a waistcoat—fluffed as it is now, and is—worse donnibi still is a white one. Cotton has prescribed an almost Puritanical severity of style and cut, and it is considered the height of bad taste to depart thence; no one can break through the rules of established form; the simplest dress of the day (only imagination is to take refuge in striking colors) is considered extravagant, and those subject to ridicule and remarks, they become conspicuous, but rarely so for their advantage.

The eye has become so accustomed to this formality, that it is impossible to avoid allowing it to influence one's judgment; it is impossible to avoid a suspicion of the wearers of any thing ultra. How alarmed you would be, gentle reader, at the appearance of one of your acquaintances in a bright blue coat, a pea-green scarf and a sweeping cloak—how he individual in question might be only indulging a taste for brilliant color, ing; he need not be either a madman or a lover. Thus was man—thus was the sole guide in the choice of color for the male attire, when Rochester wore crimson velvet, and Sedley white satin, pinked with orange.

What a bad style very long hair gives to an individual! even mountebanks are banished with such unction (unless worn by cavalry men), we cannot help lamenting their loss, or that the Turk has decided leg, or a Rodogalia, driven home by the last French Revolution.

I have remarked, from the title of this paper, which proclaims its text a "handsome men," but positively I had nothing to say about them, and the public would like to know what style of men I really think handsome. I do not admire those gentlemen—the hair of whose head is combed over their eyes, who are tall and slim, and have fine complexions, and large dark eyes, and vast black moustaches, and sequaline noses.

Every regiment has one at least of these heroes; he is always spoken of as "that handsome man." Turn we not as," he does great execution among the belles of the barrack-room; he might be handsome, but on often, in fact—I may say invariably—he is nothing but tall and slim, and has only that fine complexion, that vast moustache, those black eyes and nose.

No mind, no soul; these dwell in other stuff either in little or coarse mass, and the activity of the untiring essence within, or, more rarely but more suitably, in the feature of men, handsome as Apollo, strong as Hercules, and as lofty, lighted as the omnipotent Jove himself.

These latter are the men I admire, though one or two only of such have I met, but they were not, with Miss ——, young ladies, fresh from Miss Pinkerton's genius, or the true English one in its purest form, with the smooth, thoughtful brow, the deep-set eye, the beautiful nose, the curled lip—a tender yet so proud in expression—the countenance which is the combination of intellect and feeling, of Antinous, whose spirit and whose soul beams from that of the immortal God of Day.

Rare, perhaps, are the combination of beauty and talent in woman, yet equally existent, is this unfortunate union and denunciation, as it seems, of mind, when they dwell upon this portrait; otherwise fortunate, may only sigh, and wonder they cannot do so. Let me congratulate their hearts on our mutual good luck; let me recommend the book to rest not until they have attained unto the same.

JEFFERSON AND HAMILTON.

In a recent work, "State Trials at the United States during the Administration of Washington and Adams," by Francis Wharton, we find the following portrait of these two great rival statesmen.

A PORTRAIT OF JEFFERSON.

"In the Vice-President's chair sat ——, serene, self-possessed, and seemingly passive, ——, recoiled by many, by two—friends of whom—profoundly hostile at a time when political hostility was personal, and in a city where factions cut no high jinks. Slow of speech, with a broad tone from Kentucky, declared, those who happened to accompany the Vice-President from the Senate Chamber to the Executive mansion, where, when he parted, he did so ward off inside which were aimed at him. The door of the house he filled with ease and dignity, closing his time, when out of it, between the company of literary gentlemen, particularly foreigners, of which he was very fond, and the Philosophical Society, upon which and on its committees he was a prominent member. As a politician, he was never seen him. Addresses he never answered, speeches he never made, and yet rarely has there ever been a party so disciplined as that which took up to him as its chief. This was not by any active exercise which he himself exerted. If a code of resolutions were to be resuscitated to settle the principles of either party, Mr. Madison's assistance was invoked to give them shape, and his presence in the Virginia Legislature was required to give weight and consistency to them. If the presidency of the West were to be awakened, Mr. Nicholas's leader genius was employed to do it. He was lucky to a manifesto still more impetuous. Through Mr. Livingston was the silent law to be attached; through Mr. Gallatin the opposition to be disconcerted; and yet while the agents of the party met a response in the Senate and in the House, and were met with unexampled industry and skill, as cited mentioned, with the same disengaged equanimity, in the presence of the Senate he was the same, and kept his philosophical accustomed in the afternoon. No. 1 was heard to say, rose and said, "I did not hear the question. "How many kings," said he, "have been crowned in England since the Conquest?" "Fifty-six," answered a dozen incredulous voices. "Fifty-six," repeated young Quibble; "James the First was not crowned in Scotland, nor Anne, nor Queen Victoria in England"—*Gateshead Observer*. "Birth and the Gun-Hurried was of course a long one, and he was crowned for the second time on his return to England after his imprisonment by the Duke of Wellington.

A GOOD HATER.—A Scotchman, who was at mortal enmity with one of his neighbors, fell sick, and was given over by the doctors. He refused to see a minister, and would have no prayers offered up for his recovery. "Oh," said he, when the man of God entered the room, "I'm very ill indeed, but—only you think I shall die"—"I hope not," replied his visitor. "I'm, I shall, I know I shall die, so I send for you to let you know that I wish you joy of this world at enmity with any one!" This token of forgiveness was granted, but, to the surprise of all, was about to take leave, the sick man cried out,—"Stop! O I should not die this time, all this good will be thrown away on me; it is to be cast as it was before, I don't die."

BRIEF CORRESPONDENCE.—A gentleman in Cincinnati, the other day, received a letter from a friend near the city, a basket of green apples, accompanied by the following note.

DEAR ——— Please accept the accompanying basket of apples from ——— Ever yours ——— P. S. Dear sir, that of the basket "Ever yours" ——— DEAR SIR. The apples came to hand, but will be sour. The times should suggested to you to send *such presents as coffee, tobacco, or bonnets*. Truly, &c.

MARRIED A MAN.—A captain of a sloop at one of the wharves in Boston, was ordered by his owner to assist in loading his sloop with corn. Just as the vessel was about to set sail, the Yankee, who was standing by the side of the vessel, called to the laborers stood out from the wharf:—"hay, you captain, I'm a-going to get married to-night, and I see a log lodged on the rail some around the stern, right over the spot where it would down, so I pay'll find your self in a watery grave."

THE SUPERINTENDENT AT HOME.—My dear boy," said a kind hearted country schoolmistress to one of her most promising scholars, whom she was about sup, "My dear boy, does your to her mom you should thread the intricate and thorny path of the mathematics?" "Why, ma'am," said the young mercury, as coral amid the flowery fields of literature?" "Why, ma'am," replied the promising pupil, "dad says he's going to set me to work in the tater patch."

GOOD HIM UP.—Are you an Odd Fellow?' —No, sir! I've been married for a week!" "I mean do you belong to the Order of Odd Fellows?" "No, no, I belong to the Order of Married Men." "Hem—ey, how dumb! Are you a *Mason?*" "No, I am a carpenter by trade." "Worse and worse, are you a Son of *Temperance?*" "Better yet, sir—I am a son of *Mr John Gosling.*" The game went away.

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RAILWAY ESTIMATE OF WIVES.

A case, says the Cambridge (England) Chronicle, was lately decided in one of the courts by which it is now ruled that husbands who have their wives by railway accidents, can only claim, in compensation, the value of any labour which may have been cut short by their death. Thus, says the report, "a man may not claim for his husband," said he valued, appealing to the husband's counsel's price, at five shillings. It has been suggested that a series of figures, calculated on the ladies' valuation-count, "there should be a ladies' valuation-count, "there should be a ladies' valuation-count, "there should be a